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J. A. PENROSE,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, HATS, SHOES,
QUEENSWARE AND GROCERIES,
CENTER STREET,
One Door West of Alexander's Drug Store,
McConnellsville, O.

POETRY.

AN OLD HAND.

Blue-veined and wrinkled, knuckled and brown,
This good old hand is clapping mine;
I bend above it, and looking down,
I study its aspect, line by line.
This hand has clasped a thousand hands
That long have known no answering thrill;
Some have mouldered in foreign lands—
Some in the graveyard on the hill.
Clasped a mother's hand, young and gone,
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it, and went away
To rest till the waking in God's good light.
Clasped a lover's hand years ago,
Who sailed away and left her in tears;
Under Sahara's torrid sun,
His bones have whitened years and years.
Clasped the hand of a good man true,
Who held it softly, and fell asleep,
And woke no more, and never knew
How long that impress this would keep.
Clasped so many, so many—so few
That still respond to the living will,
Or can answer this pressure, so kind and true—
So many that lie unmoved and still!
Clasped, at last, this hand—my own;
And mine will answer, long in turn,
Will any clasp it when I am gone?
In vain I study this hand to learn.

"Brick" Pomeroy's Hammer and Scientific Account of the Great Meteoric Fall at McConnellsville.

My head will not be visible for a week. I read in the almanacs that on the 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, there was to be a grand shower of meteors from way up there way down here, commencing at 3 o'clock in the early part of the morning. The papers all said so too. The wives, widows, children, cooks, chambermaids, pretty girls and napping girls, all said so. What a meteor was I knew not. As the shower was coming from the Little Bear, I thought it was a sausage storm, which I could bear. I thought it was a sausage storm for the asses, for saw, or the four asses saw it. Though I could meet it with Platonic emotion. Then I found it was not meat but a shower of stones in a liquid form. Of course they were precious stones. So said the cook, the chambermaid and every body. I wanted some, so resolved to be on hand.
Midnight came. The subscriber slept not. Like Joseph, he slept not because he was not sleepy. I dozed till two o'clock in the A. M., and in bed, or words to that effect. I wrestled with the ghosts of five dozen raw oysters, four pigs feet, a head of cabbage, bottles of catsup, and ten mugs of ale. It was a severe wrestle, and breathed the free air of my native hills as it went marching on. I arose at two. It was the first of autumn at that hour. I looked at my watch. It was there. I thanked the Giver of all good that I was not in New York, when the brave beautiful Butler, with his second-hand eye was there, or my watch would have run down do Lowell!
The meteor show was a free show. Reserved seats for ladies. I wanted a front seat and arose to one! I manufactured my toilet a la General Washburn as he tore it out of Memphis like a phantom flag of truce. I would have made a good ballet girl for the Black Crook, but my waterfall was not constructed right in the wear and tear of the stage. Vide Smyth. I went upward like Daniel in the lion institute, or like Elijah with his shining park head. I arose through the skylight to the dignity of the roof. The morning was in the dim distance—very much that way. The twilight was colder than the skylight, and I tried them both. My opera glass was at my uncle's—had been to three balls and did not return!
Must have glasses. Took one along in sections. The right-hand barrel came to a focus on eye! The left-hand barrel acted on cogniac! To look thro' this style of upper-glass shut both eyes and open the mouth. Through a dark glass things are seen—at times. With this style of glass we had a sky-light view. I sat on the roof it was a "roof" place to rest on. Not like come rest in this bosom to which we a-spi-rol of us. The air was foreign. It was chill! But we were not a north or south a merry cuss for all that! Who would be a merry cuss sitting on a cold roof, dressed as I was, waiting for something to turn up? I dangled feet over the ledge. I saw stars overhead. I looked up for once in my life, you bet. My neck ached. Then I tried the glasses—first one barrel, then two. Above us were stars. I saw stars on the street. They had blue coats on. The stars overhead winked at me when I raised "the eye!" The stars below me didn't wink. They snored. The stars over-

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One Gambler Fortes Another to Marry His Wife.

A few days since a singular marriage occurred in the private house of a Presbyterian clergyman in New York, the circumstances of which are as follows:
The bridegroom was what is styled a sporting man, and was on his way to Chicago with a brother blackleg, who possessed a very desirable piece of property, in the shape of an extraordinary pretty wife. The married gambler had not been long on board before he observed something in the conduct of his spouse to induce him to suspect that she was more fond of his friend than was pleasant to contemplate, or prudent to permit. He kept his own counsel, however, and made an excuse for leaving the pair alone. They profited by his absence; and, just before the steamer reached the capital, he went suddenly to his state room and forced open the door. He found the twain within, and, at the point of a revolver, but calmly, made the lover swear that he would marry the false wife immediately on returning to New York.
"You say you love her," he added. "Prove it in the way I prescribe, and I shall never trouble you or her. Fail to make her your wife, and I'll pursue you to the ends of the earth, and take your life so sure as there is a God in heaven. Have no hesitation about the legal difficulty. I shall never make my appearance on your domestic scene, and few will know, and no one will disturb you in your conjugal relation. I have loved that woman better than my life—I love her still. But after what has occurred, I cannot take her to my arms again. She has transferred her affections to you, I believe. Do not abuse them. Cherish and protect her, and if ever you need a friend, apply to me. You have sworn to marry her. If you have any regard for your life, keep your oath, for I have sworn, as you have, to kill you if you do not redeem your sacred word."
At Albany the betrayed Benedict parted with the wife and her lover, who came directly over to New York, and were straightway joined in wedlock. The first mentioned person is said to be a man of education, at one time a merchant in Baltimore, and remarkable among his "profession" for the strictness with which he keeps his word, and the perfect coolness of his play. It is said that he killed a man in a duel at Richmond, Virginia, before the war, on account of the woman he has quitted, and that he is about to sail for California, to pass the remainder of his days. He is well known in New York and Chicago among the larger and better class of faro dealers and frequenters of the turf.

Fearful Tragedy in Iowa—A Citizen of Manchester Attempts to Shoot His Wife, Kills His Infant Child, Seriously Wounds His Mother-in-law, and Cuts His Own Throat.

On Thursday evening, November 8, at about seven o'clock, J. W. Myers, a resident of Manchester, deliberately shot and killed his own child, and attempted to finish his bloody work by murdering his wife. It appears that on the evening in question he obtained a pint of brandy at a drug store, and proceeded home. He appeared to be in his usual health and spirits, and partook of a hearty supper.
After dinner he remarked to his wife that he would address a note to his mother, and, having written and folded the same, he put it in his pocket. He then kissed his wife in an affectionate manner, stepped into the kitchen, took down a shot gun which had been previously loaded with buckshot, and deliberately fired upon his wife through the open door. The charge passed over her head and through the front door casing. He then passed out and around the house to the east window, and pointing the muzzle of his gun through one of the panes, discharged the other barrel at his mother-in-law, who was standing in the front room, with his babe, a child eight months of age, in her arms. He probably intended to kill her, but missed his aim, the shot hitting the little innocent in the back, and passing through came out in the region of the abdomen, killing it almost instantly, and badly shattering the hand of his mother-in-law. He intended to kill them all, and, supposing that it was done, he returned and fled to the barn, which stood near by, and completed the bloody chapter by cutting with his own hand, his throat from ear to ear. The whole of this transpired in a very few moments, and aroused by the discharge of a gun and the screams of the women, the citizens rushed to the spot. On bursting into the house, a scene met the gaze that beggars description, and caused the stoutest hearts to tremble with an indecipherable horror. Up and down the room, frantic with terror, rushed the mother-in-law, her dress clogged with the blood which but a few moments before had coursed in the veins of the child that reclined in her lap, while the young wife, stupefied by what had taken place, was more dead than alive. In the uproar and confusion no one thought of making search for the author of all the misery, and it was supposed that he had fled, but, about an hour and a half afterward, his body was found, life being extinct, his throat being fearfully gashed from ear to ear, while around beneath him the floor was covered with a crimson torrent.

The Tea Plant.

A valuable but lengthy article on the cultivation of this plant recently appeared in the Southern Cultivator, published at Athens, Georgia, from which we make the following extract:
In March, 1860, I received fifty plants from the Patent Office. I kept them in pots until February, 1861. They were then planted out five feet each way, in a loose sandy soil. They grew off very finely. In April, 1862, I made a small quantity of tea, and from that time to the present, 1866, I have supplied my family with five or six pounds of tea yearly from fifty plants. The largest amount of tea produced in China is raised in the lands lying between twenty-eight and thirty-five miles north latitude.
That the plant will grow and flourish as well, or even better, (although exotic,) through the whole of the States bordering the Atlantic and Gulf, from North Carolina to Texas, I have not the least doubt. All the lands of Middle Georgia and the Carolinas, which are now considered of little value of corn or cotton, can be made available, and grow tea to great advantage. In Middle Georgia and other regions the culture of cotton will decrease from this time onward. The truth of this fact is patent to all observers.
It is an evergreen shrub; leaves from three to four inches long; one inch wide; flowers white; one inch or more in diameter; center filled with a large number of stamens, with yellow anthers; capsule usually three seeded, seeds the size of a chickpea; it seeds the next September; grows from cuttings or layers. As before stated, I planted out ten plants in 1861. At the present time, (1866,) they are from six to seven feet high, each plant covering a space of seven or eight feet in diameter—so interlocking that it is with difficulty you can get in between them.
To estimate the quantity which one acre of land planted in tea would make I selected a medium sized plant and collected the leaves from it. The yield was one fourth of a pound of tea. The number of plants to acre, standing five feet each way, is 1,704, which will make four hundred and forty-one pounds to the acre. Can we cultivate any plant that will compare with this? At fifty cents per pound it will make two hundred and twenty dollars per acre. Another very great advantage it has over all other crops is, that neither cold nor heat, dry nor wet, hail or winds, or insects injure it. It is as certain to be made as the earth turns on its axis. Whoever heard of a failure of the tea crop of China or Japan?
Of the quality of the tea I have made I can only say that connoisseurs have assured me that they prefer it to the imported. Age gives flavor to coffee—so with tea. Some that is two years old I find higher flavored than that recently made.

Moral Reform in New York City.

The "Disbanded Volunteer," writing from New York, says:
"The great cause of Moral Reform, in which I take a deep and solemn interest, seems to be progressing in this city with the velocity of tellygraphic lightning. This is principally owing to the stand that the Herald has taken against the legs at Niblo's. The strictness of that spotless journal on the ballet gals at that establishment has aroused a tremendous feeling everywhere. The respectable community cannot realize that the petty cuts as are actually ashort as the Herald represents them to be, and hence they go in crowds every night to see of the horrid tale has not been exaggerated. It is the resin why Niblo's is such a regular jam. In course, it will only last until all the Christian men and women in the city has seen for themselves what the thing is, after which they will visit the place of sin no more. As to the reproaches whom Satan is bound to hevy by hook or crook, they will continue to go as usual; and relying on that patronage, the management have renude their engagements with all the buty and sometry at present performing in the peace. In the meantime the free model artist exhibitions on the Broadway sidewalk walks, cum off as heretofore every day atwix the hours of 3 and 5, in the afternoon, doorn which inaveral places on all the hotels stoops along the line of procession are at a premium."

A Queer Joke.

K—, the Quaker President of a Philadelphia railroad, during the confusion and panic last fall, called upon the W— Bank, with which the road kept a large regular account, and asked for an extension of part of its paper falling due in a few days. The Bank President refused rather abruptly. "Mr. K—, your paper must be paid at maturity; we can not renew it." "Very well," our Quaker friend replied and left the bank. He did not let the matter drop here. On leaving the bank he went to the depot and telegraphed to all the agents and conductors on the road to reject the bills on the W— Bank. In a few hours the trains began to arrive full of the panic, bringing the news of the W— Bank all along the line. Stockholders and depositors flocked to the bank, quaking with panic, inquiring thus: "What's the matter? Is the bank broke?" &c. &c. A little inquiry on the part of the officers showed that this trouble originated in the rejection of the bills by the railroad agents. The President seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office and came bursting in with this inquiry: "Mr. K— have you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?" "Yes," was the quiet reply. "Why is this? It will ruin us." "Well, friend L—, I supposed the bank was going to fail, as it could not renew a little paper for us this morning." It is needless to say that Mr. L— renewed the Quaker's paper and enlarged his line of discount while the magic wires carried all around to every agent the sedative message: "The W— Bank is all right. They may take all its currency."

Curious Occupation in Paris.

A list was lately published, compiled from statistics of Paris trade, of a number of curious occupations and manufactures, supposed to be peculiar to Paris, although probably many of them are to be found in London. There are however, a certain number of what are emphatically called "Paris articles," of which that ingenious and industrious city has the monopoly. Among these are the following: Twelve manufactures of artificial eyes and eight of pastry-cooks' jackets, two makers of skates and forty corn-cutters, eighteen wholesale mustard merchants, seven constructors of lightning conductors, seven of speaking-trumpets and three

Poppy.

Mr. Poppy, of Poppyville, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, popped the question to her under the poplar tree on Poplar lane, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, labored under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel."

Corra Hatch is a colored candidate for the Illinois Legislature.

Since 1832 the cholera has carried away 13,269 persons in New York city.

Nearly eight thousand buildings have been erected in Chicago, Illinois, during the present season, at a cost of about seven millions of dollars.

Mrs. Deborah Bedford, aged 93, living in Waverly, Pa., is the sole survivor of the Wyoming massacre.

A Missourian has realized \$6,000 this year from ten acres of peach-trees.